

School Boy Heart

Jimmy Buffett

[transcribed by chris w]

School boy heart

By: jimmy buffett & matt betton

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I got a school boy heart, a novelist eye

Stout sailor's legs and a license to fly

I came with nomad feet and some wandering toes

That walk up my longboard and hang off the nose I suppose

The need to focus never arose

So something like a swiss army knife

That's my life

Frankenstein had nothing on this body of mine

The villagers still flockin' to see, to see me

Breaking free, breaking free Cause I got a school boy heart, a novelist eye

Stout sailor's legs and a license to fly

I got a bartender's ear and beachcomber's style

Piratical nerve and a vaudevillian style I suspect I died in some cosmic shipwreck

With all hands spread all over the deck

What the heck

Then some kind of obscene and unscrupulous mind

Began to pick up what he could find

Added ice, shook me twice, rolled the dice Now I got a school boy heart, a novelist eye

A sailor's legs and a license to fly

I got a native tongue from way down south

It sits in the cheek of my gulf coastal mouth I got a school boy heart, a novelist eye

Stout sailor's legs and a license to fly

I came with nomad feet and some wandering toes

That glide up my longboard and hang off the nose [in case there's any interest, right before banana wind, jimmy

sez

"meetcha at the end meetcha at the end".]

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